

Jean Finds Thanksgiving

By Bayard D. York

JEAN WAKEFIELD held up the last of the worn napkin—and shook her head.

"The best is about as bad as the worst," she murmured. "I can't make them look presentable—I'm sure of that."

Mrs. Wakefield stirred the cinnamon into the pumpkin.

"Do as well as you can, dear," she said. "I don't want Bob to see them in their present condition. He might realize —"

"Oh, dear!" Jean burst out, discouragement suddenly overwhelming her. "It seems as if we were in a treadmill—just endless tramping, tramping, tramping. I suppose tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day, but I don't feel a bit like Thanksgiving. I feel—there's the bell."

At the door Jean found Donald Atwater. The Atwaters lived in the large house at the top of the hill.

"My mother says," Donald stated, speaking each word slowly; "that she would like your mother to come to our house and help my mother get ready for Thanksgiving. We are going to have a great big Thanksgiving party."

Jean almost said "no"; then she turned and went to the kitchen.

"Don't go, Mother," she pleaded. "You're tired."

Mrs. Wakefield slid the pies into the oven.

"Not very tired," she replied, with a little smile. "And it means an extra dollar or two. Bob is going to need a new winter suit. Tell Donald I'll come right up."

With sudden impulse, Jean threw her arms around her mother's neck.

"I just can't stand it," she cried, with a half-sob. "We give up everything and work and s-lave—but we don't get anywhere. It's just endless tramping."

The mother's hand slipped up and stroked the girl's brown hair.

"We're putting Bob through college," she said. "You know, your father had his heart set on his going. We mustn't



"AT THE DOOR JEAN FOUND DONALD ATWATER"

be discouraged. In a little over a year now Bob will be graduating and then you and I can take things easier."

Jean straightened.

"It'll be two years—nearly," she stated. "It—it seems like a very long time when I'm tired; but I'll try not to be a drag. I sometimes wish, though," she added sharply; "that I could get my fingers into that black hair of Mr. Perry's and give one terrifically hard pull!"

"Anson Perry did nothing dishonest," the mother responded. "It was luck that caused him to pull through as he did after your father's failure."

"Maybe it was luck," Jean said; "but I'll wager that in his smooth way Mr. Perry gave luck a sly boost or two in what he considered the right direction. Why did he leave town soon afterwards if everything was straight and all right? Well—run along, Mother. I'll look after the pies and have supper ready. And I'll try to mend those terrible napkins."

Left alone, Jean went briskly to work. But rebellion still smouldered in her heart. She was tired—mentally more than physically. The burden seemed too

heavy for her.

Presently—she had taken the pies from the oven and had painstakingly filled in the worn spots of two napkins—she glanced out of the window and saw Daisy Gould going by. Daisy's skates hung from her shoulders; and her little red hat and trig-fitting white sweater gave just the right touch of jauntiness to her swinging figure.

Daisy was a more or less constant irritation to Jean. Daisy never missed a party; she always had spending-money; her hands were white and smooth—not roughened as Jean's were.

The smoldering rebellion burst into flame. Jean threw an unfinished napkin to the floor.

"I don't care!" she cried. "I can't go skating because I haven't any skates—and most of the fellows and girls have forgotten that I exist anyway; but I'm going to walk to the Corners and back. I'll scream or something if I don't get out for a few minutes."

She drew on her frayed blue coat, and started. The crisp air sent the blood racing through her veins. By the time she turned at the Corners she was in a more cheerful mood—and also she was realizing that she had taken time which she could poorly afford. She must hasten back.

Hence it was with some feeling of annoyance that as she passed Mrs. Gould's she noted that the woman was at the window waving vigorously. For a moment Jean kept on, pretending not to have seen the signal. Then she looked again.

There was something very insistent in the woman's manner. Reluctantly Jean approached the door—and then, with the white face at the window picturing itself sharply in her mind, she hurried in.

"Don't be alarmed," Mrs. Gould breathed. "It's—only—one of my 'spells.' I was afraid it was coming on—but—Daisy thought I would be all right. If you'll find Mrs. Norton—she knows what to do."

Jean ran to the nearby house. Fortunately Mrs. Norton was at home.

"It's her heart," she said, as she hurried back with the girl. "Some day she'll just—drop, and be gone."

It was only after Mrs. Gould had been made comfortable and Jean was on her way home again that the force of a new realization came to her.

With her mother in this dangerous condition, Daisy had gone skating!

She stopped in her tracks. For an instant she could not believe that it was true; but Mrs. Gould's words rang clearly in her thoughts. "Daisy thought I would be all right."

She walked on, very slowly, until she came to her own gate.

"Mother, Bob," she murmured; "we may have to get along without much spending money and we may have to work hard, but as long as we have love and unselfishness in our hearts we can be thankful! Why, Will!"

Will Poindexter had stopped at the gate, panting.

"Have you seen Dr. Stimson?" he cried.

"He's around somewhere. We—we—"

"What's the matter?" Jean asked.

Will glanced behind him.

"Ah—there's the doctor—Jim found him," he breathed. "It's—Daisy," he added. "She's up at the Atwater's. I—I'm afraid the doctor's too late."

"What has happened?" Jean cried, Will's words bringing a shiver of horror to her.

He was already starting back toward the Atwater house. She followed him.

"She—broke—through," he panted as they ran.

"You think she's—you think—" she could not bring herself to speak the dread word.

But Will understood.

"She was under water a long time," he murmured, very solemnly.

In the large library of the Atwater home the limp form lay upon the floor, stretched upon the rugs and partly covered with blankets. The face was chalky white—outlined so sharply and horribly against the wet dishevelled hair.

"Oh—oh—oh!" Jean sobbed.

The doctor worked rapidly. He said nothing, save now and then to give a sharp order. If he detected signs of life, he did not stop to make it known to the anxious crowd around him.

It seemed to Jean that the moments stretched out endlessly. Mrs. Gould's face kept rising before her. If Daisy died—

"Look!" The word, uttered by one of the girls, was little less than a hysterical shriek.

"Keep still!" cautioned the doctor gruffly.

But Jean had seen. For an instant Daisy's eyelids had fluttered—and half opened. A very faint spot of color had returned to her cheek.

Two or three minutes passed. The eyes opened wider.

"Mother—" the girl murmured; "—Mother—I—won't leave you—next time!"

Two hours later, with the November twilight deepening rapidly, Jean was setting the table for supper. Her mother had just come home; and, obeying Jean's insistent command, was resting.

A sound outside the house caused Jean to look through the window. A taxicab had stopped at the gate—and a big, broadshouldered fellow with a suitcase

leaped out.

Jean sprang to the door.

"Why—Bob!" she exclaimed. "You wrote you were coming tomorrow morning!"

Bob Wakefield ran up the walk, threw his suitcase halfway across the room—and kissed his sister.

"But I'm here!" he announced. "Ah—Mother!"

He caught her in his arms for a moment. Then he pushed the mother and Jean into two chairs, tossed his cap upon the table, pulled off his overcoat, and faced them.

"I'm here!" he repeated. "I come with news—big news—Thanksgiving news!"

They stared—and he went on.

"When I came back from my eleven o'clock recitation today, the door of my room was open and a man who unfolded like a jack-knife was waiting to see me. When he stood up, his black hair almost touched the ceiling."

"Not—Anson Perry?" Mrs. Wakefield exclaimed.

Bob laughed.

"Anson Perry and none other," he cried. "He's a queer old chap. He's on his way to South America—gone by this time, I imagine. He said he'd been having a terrible battle with his conscience, and that he'd been beaten to a frazzle. As I say, he's gone to South America—but before he went he deposited six thousand, five hundred and fifty dollars to my name in the Burr Street Savings Bank—the five fifty, so he said, was the interest for one year and ten months on the six thousand!"

A hundred thoughts came crowding into Jean's mind; but one realization stood out stronger than the others. There had been good in Anson Perry—as there was in Daisy Gould.

"It may take a near-drowning or a battle with conscience to bring it out," she thought; "—but it's there. And that," she concluded; "is enough to make Thanksgiving thankful—even if we didn't have so many other reasons!"

A Left-handed Batter Who Learned to Bat into Left Field

BY J. ELMER RUSSELL

EVERY boy knows of John McGraw, the famous manager of the equally famous New York "Giants." To this position of leadership in baseball John McGraw did not come by chance but by a certain native ability and great determination.

In McGraw's recently published book called, "My Thirty Years in Baseball" there is an interesting story of how the future leader when he was a boy of sixteen learned to change his style of batting.

"I was playing on the school team at Truxton, N. Y., where I was born," he says. "Always I was a left-handed hitter. The open lot on which we played was bounded on the right-field side by a schoolhouse with many windows. In right center there was a church. As a

left-handed hitter naturally hits into right field, I broke several window panes."

John's father had to pay fifteen cents for every broken pane and naturally he gave his son some rather straight-from-the-shoulder counsel. To avoid threatened punishment and the payment of fifteen cents for the glass he broke the boy decided he had better learn to hit into the left field.

It took a good deal of determination and practice but finally young McGraw could drive the ball either into left or right field and there were no more broken windows, and no more spending-money grudgingly paid out for damages.

Today Manager McGraw often wishes there was some way of getting some of the present left-handed batters to learn the art which he mastered at sixteen, the art of batting into either field.

Thanks To — ?

BY ELLEN C. LLORAS

"O H, goody, tomorrow's Thanksgiving," exulted Ruth, "and we're going to have turkey and pumpkin pie and everything—and everybody's going to come and eat dinner with us."

"Well, that's a pretty big program," teased Uncle Dick—"everything for dinner, and everybody coming to eat it."

"You mustn't think Thanksgiving's just a big dinner and a good time, Ruth," counseled twelve-year-old Beth. "Thanksgiving is giving thanks—"

"Ruth has already counted up a multitude of things for us to be thankful for, haven't you, dear?" And Cousin Ethel's arm went around the little girl.

"Oh yes—you're here, and grandmother's coming, and mother's going to let me help get dinner and fix the table, and—"

"Then one of our thank-you's will be sure to be to you," broke in Uncle Dick, "if you're going to do all this to help make us comfortable."

"Oh, Uncle Dick, you say such unexpected things," remarked Beth. "Of course Thanksgiving is giving thanks—but I thought it meant for us to thank God for everything."

"Indeed it does, girlie," sanctioned Cousin Ethel; "we mustn't forget that. But it won't interfere with our thankfulness to God, will it, if we follow Uncle Dick's suggestion and remember a thank-you too for those who make the day a good one for us, and those who have been kind and thoughtful of us during the year?"

"Oh, I didn't originate the idea," protested Uncle Dick. "I found the custom in the home of a friend last year. His wife had adopted the plan of giving some little special word of thanks on Thanksgiving Day to those who had been thoughtful of her during the year."

"I think it's a beautiful thing to do," declared Cousin Ethel. "And I know several very special thank-you's I want to make this year."

Let's Count Our Blessings

BY HELEN COWLES LE CRON

I'M just a little girl, and yet,
I have so much to make me glad!
My happy home, the clothes I wear,
My friends, my dolls, this cool, fresh air—
And all the fun I've had!

I'm just a little boy, and yet
My days are very full of joys!
I have my Mother—Father, too,
My tools, my books, and things to do—
My dog, and all my toys!

So let us count our blessings now
And all be glad because we live!
We have so much, so much, and yet
How very often we forget
The thanks we ought to give!

The Fairy Experiment

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

MAYBE your great-great-great grandmother and your great-great-great grandfather long, long ago, read this little story from a tiny book for children, which was given to good little boys and girls in 1842. Here is the story, big words and all, just as it was written then by some one whose name is forgotten:

"Once upon a time there lived in one of the sweetest and most sequestered nooks in the country, a band of fairies. They dwelt in a charming little valley, all enamelled with nameless flowers, sequestered among a range of lofty mountains, where all the beauties of nature seemed to have come together in happy harmony. A foaming torrent after dashing down the mountain side, wandered with sweet delay, all round the little vale, as if loath to lose itself again among the cliffs that environed it, and finally stole away silently through an almost invisible opening among the hills.

"Beyond the mountains which surrounded the abode of the little elfin race, there lived an old man whose sole possessions were a poor cottage, miserably out of repair, and a little field which he had now become too decrepit to cultivate. Poor as he was however, the old man was kind-hearted and hospitable. While he had, he gave away, nor did the beggar ever want food or the traveler lodging so long as the old man had a house over his head or handful of meal in his barrel.

"One day it happened that an argument arose among the fairies about the effects of prosperity and adversity on the character of mankind. Much was said on both sides and the debate was beginning to assume an angry aspect when a sage old fairy proposed to bring the question to the test of experiment.

"Let us try the effect of both upon the old man on the other side of the mountain. He is now poor and charitable; let us see what effect competence first and then wealth, will have upon his heart." This was at once agreed to.

"It happened that the season had been



My Candle and I

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS

I'M very, very sleepy,
My candle's tired, too,
(You see he has his night-cap on,
As other people do).

So if you'll please excuse us,
We'll hurry off to bed,
For when my candle sits up late
He's sure to melt his head!

unfavorable and the old man's crop of corn always but scanty, was now diminished to just enough flour to make one loaf. When that was gone he did not know where to get more, for all the country round was almost as badly off as himself.

"As he sat at his door in the twilight smoking his pipe and thinking what would become of him when his last loaf was eaten, on a sudden there appeared before him a miserable old woman, the very picture of starvation. Her eyes were hollow and her cheeks sunken; her dress was in tatters, and she seemed to drag her shoeless feet with difficulty over the ground, supporting herself on a staff which bent beneath her weight.

"The old man's heart yearned for compassion. He arose and offered her his seat, on which she sunk exhausted and begged him to give her something to eat, for she was famishing.

"'Alas,' said the old man, 'if I give to you I must starve myself. I have but one mess of flour left and when that is gone I know not where to get another.'

"'Then God help me, I must perish,' said the old woman, 'I have not tasted food for two days!'

"'That must not be,' said the old man, 'I will share my last meal with you and trust to Providence for the future.'

"So he emptied his flour into a dish and baked a little loaf, and they partook of it together.

"When they had finished their humble

meal the old woman rose, and thanking him earnestly she told him to put his empty barrel out by the side of the spring at night. The old man asked her why he should do so, but she refused to answer his question, and again thanking him she went on her way.

"Though he thought it a foolish piece of nonsense the old man did put his empty barrel out by the side of the spring and in the morning, lo! he found it filled to the brim with corn! The next night he again placed it as before and it was again filled. The old man felt thankful and happy.

"By and by however it came into his head that he might as well try if the same thing would not happen if he put two barrels out instead of one, and, finding that both were filled he began to think what he would do with the superfluity, as he had now more than he wanted. At first he thought of giving it away to his poor neighbors who were still suffering from the scanty harvest, but a feeling of avarice came over him, and he resolved to sell it at a high price.

"He counted the money which he received for his corn, turning it over and over, and every day he seemed to love it better than before. Thinking it did not increase fast enough, he resolved to put three barrels by the spring, and finding that they were filled, he increased the number till they amounted to a dozen. As he continued to sell the corn at a very high price, he was soon one of the richest men in all the country round.

"He built a fine house, dressed in rich garments and thought of nothing night and day but getting money. He was no longer charitable and kind-hearted, and when the poor came to beg a little supply of corn, he drove them contemptuously from his door. Meanwhile he continued to increase the number of his barrels; but instead of the quantity of corn increasing, it daily diminished. Every night the barrels were less and less full, till at last, from being only half full, he could in the morning now see the bottom of each.

"He resolved to watch and try to learn whence the corn came and why the supply began to fail. He got into a tree which overhung the spring, and after waiting some time he saw a train of tiny elves streaming down from the mountains and each bearing a couple of grains of corn which they deposited in the barrel and flew off again with the swiftness of thought.

"Quick as they were, however, they were not quick enough for the avaricious old man, and thinking to urge them on, he called out to them to make haste. In an instant off darted the fairies with a loud shriek, and disappeared behind the mountains like a flock of birds.

"In the morning he found his barrels quite empty and they were never filled again. On going to count his money, it too, was gone, and soon his fine house and costly furniture followed and the



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

BOX 117,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am ten years old and would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Winifred Irish. I go to the Northfield Center School and I am in the fifth grade. My school teacher's name is Miss Mary Dalton. I like to read *The Beacon* very much and would like to wear a Beacon Club button.

Yours sincerely,
RUTH HAMMOND.

113 CARTER LAKE CLUB,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Dear Miss Buck:—Your Club looks so interesting I would love to join and wear the button. I belong to the First Unitarian Church of Omaha and our minister is Rev. Ralph E. Bailey. I love to read, write and draw and can swim and row very well. I am eleven years old and haven't many friends my own age so would love to correspond with someone.

Your "club member to be",
KATHLEEN SPENCER.

poor old man was left more miserable than before.

"When the fairies again met to consider the result of their experiment, they determined to reward virtue not by bestowing wealth or power, but by endowing it with a blameless conscience, a benevolent heart and a contented mind."

The Old New England Thanksgiving

THE king and high priest of all festivals was the autumn Thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian Summer came in, dreary, and calm, and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit—a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

A JOYFUL THANKSGIVING

By ARSHAK SAMARJIAN
(Age, 11 years)

"Oh," cried Tom, his face beaming with joy, "there are only three weeks and four days left before Thanksgiving."

"But we can't have a party or anything in the house, because Mother is sick," his sister Kate said.

Tom was eleven years old and Kate was twelve. Suddenly Tom said, "Let us go nutting. We can sell the nuts to our neighbors who have no children to get nuts for them. They will gladly buy from us."

That afternoon two children walked into the woods with baskets and in the evening they came

home with their baskets full. When they got home they emptied their nuts into a flour bag. In about three days of nutting they had filled twelve flour bags with nuts.

The next day was spent in selling the nuts. Tom put the nuts on his express wagon and went from door to door, selling their nuts by the quart with an old quart measure which they found in the house.

That night Tom said to Kate, "We have two dollars in our banks." At this Kate clapped her hands and said, "We have only sold one bag, too."

In the morning, when they woke up, the sun was shining brightly and Tom said, "I think we shall sell all our nuts today," and Kate said, "I think so, too." So they set out from door to door; one man bought two quarts for fifty cents when he should have paid only twenty-five cents.

That night Tom said, "We have six dollars in the bank and we shall be able to make up about four baskets, one for Mother, one for the lame man, one for the sick girl, and one for the neighbor who has been so kind to us."

The day before Thanksgiving a basket arrived at the children's mother's home, the lame man's home, the sick girl's home, and their neighbor's home. The people who received the gifts said they had never had a better Thanksgiving, and so did the children.

THE CHANGED BOY

By ALBERT COOK
(Age, 11 years)

There was once a little boy who always liked to play. He would play all day long and never work. This is what happened one day:

He was making mud pies when his grandmother came out and said, "Please mail this, Sonny," but he said "O, let me play"; and his grandmother mailed the letter herself.

Soon after, his mother came out and said, "Please take this up to Grandma," but he gave the same reply,—"O, let me play", so his mother had to go up to Grandma herself and she had a talk with her mother.

A little later the boy came running in and said, "O Grandma, sew my whip", and she said, "O, let me work", and so the boy had to go without it.

After supper he ran to his mother and said, "Ma, read me a story", and she answered, "O, let me work." The boy sat down in a corner and began to cry. His father came in presently and the boy said, "Papa, make me a whistle", and he answered "O, let me rest". The boy began to cry and cried till bedtime. When the nurse put him to bed she said, "If you want things done for you, you must do things for others."

In the morning, when the grandmother came to the door with a letter, he jumped up and said, "I'll mail it for you, Grandma", and after that he always helped other people.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XV.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 5, 8, 2, is a boy's companion.
My 11, 9, 1, 12, 10, 25, 2, is good sport.
My 20, 22, 7, 17, 18, comes with cold weather.
My 15, 16, 12, 13, is a girl's name.
My 21, 3, 4, 26, is what we eat.
My 6, 14, 24, is an insect.
My 27, 19, 21, 1, a piece of furniture.
My 23, 12, is a pronoun.
My whole is a statement about a book.

J. W.

ENIGMA XVI.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 23, 21, 2, 30, is an instrument for driving animals.
My 1, 16, 15, is a little bundle or mass.
My 10, 4, 26, 13, is a part in music.
My 28, 6, 24, 3, is a game bird.
My 8, 20, 25, 18, is a restraint.
My 19, 16, 7, is to crowd.
My 27, 29, 9, 14, 5, 11, is very offensive.
My 12, 24, 17, 22, is a native of Finland.
My whole combines the names of a governor of the Plymouth Colony and the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

H. A. J.

FOUND ON THE THANKSGIVING TABLE

Take a letter from each word, and find in each sentence something to be found on the table on Thanksgiving.

1. Dear little sister Dorothy.
2. Florence writes that Aunt Bertha leaves Rio Janeiro February 16, arriving about March 7.
3. The journey probably takes twenty days.
4. Vera intends joining the steamer at Barbados. Surely, Florence adds.
5. Promise you'll make sleepy Jack realize business permits his absence.
6. Sally had planned the whole, dear, an elaborate entertainment of welcoming friends, so
7. Come equipped to sleep here several days.
8. Affectionately yours,

SISTER SUSAN.
Boyland.

JUMBLED PROVERBS

Each of the following sentences or phrases is a well-known proverb with the letters transposed and recombined. What are the proverbs?

1. That a seems askew.
2. Avery dodges his hay.
3. A hit a young crows throat.
4. As your sealed garden.
5. Wooden nose swings.

Youth's Companion.

ONE OF ALICE'S PT'S

Wast girbil, dan eth histly stove
Ddi grey and bligme in eth bawe;
Lal simmy rewe the vrogseohor,
Dan eth omme harts trugaboe.

The Portal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 6

ENIGMA XI.—Community House.

ENIGMA XII.—Theodore Roosevelt.

CHARADE.—Garbage. Garbage.

MISSING WORDS.—1. Solemn, melons, lemons. 2. Grin, ring. 3. Salt, last, slat. 4. Ate, eat, ate. 5. Pares, pears, spear, reaps. 6. Sent, nets, nest. 7. Chin, inch.

WHAT ARE THEY? A bow and arrow.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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